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"A VOICE FROM BEHIND," OR COLLEGE LIFE IN RETROSPECT.

IT is generally in the third or fourth year of his course that the student of ruminative tendencies begins to compute the general benefits of a college education. His observations are naturally based on his own particular experiences, and the expiration of his Freshman and Sophomore days seems sufficient warrant for an enlightened judgment. A sane criticism, however, being devoid of personal bias, it must be admitted that the conclusions of an undergraduate whose atmosphere is still that of college halls, cannot lay claim to be utterly disinterested and hence not universal, his data lacking as they do, that proper protection which the lapse of time affords.

Thereupon it is only when the flush of graduation has died away, and the graduate has recovered in a slight measure from the shock of finding that a new session can open without him, when the outside world of men and things has commenced to make itself felt in a most real way, and the calm regions of his thought have been rudely assailed by men of a practical turn—it is only, in short, when college days are but a memory that the students' estimate of their import can hope to prove fair and unbiased. For, standing apart from the scene and yet

viewing himself as an actor in the same, he is able to characterize his experiences with that justness of view which makes them at once original and general, and perchance, not uninteresting to others.

And indeed it is strange to note the modification which this time-element effects. During his academic course the student has doubtless felt the impress of new ideas upon his time-worn theories. Childhood's ideals have been shattered, the impact of more rationalistic views has pressed against his cherished faith. He has come to know, with heart-burnings it may be, that things are not what they seem. In the heat of academic fervour his confession of faith is revised to embrace a recognition of the fact that the whole is greater than the part—a truism particularly significant to him in its philosophical application. Details, minutiae, phases of truth, fade beside the larger facts of existence, "We are all living parts of a live whole"—this is the thought uppermost in his mind. It is wonderful to him to realize that, after all, life is something more than trifles, that the little lives of men are as nothing compared with the fact of the Deity who informs all Nature, that what may befall man in his course through the

world is of infinitely small import compared with the eternal, relentless passage of Time into Eternity.

Such a conception is stupendous, it is also appalling. Well might the student of spiritual tendencies offer his petition "Oh Lord grant that we may not overlook the little things of every-day life in our search for something greater," for it is certain that this attempt to see existence steadily and see it whole, has its attendant dangers. A lofty disregard for the necessary restrictions of society, a vague mysticism in matters of religious belief and a certain egoistical conceit of one's own high views to the disdain of other forms of faith, are not improbable resultants. It seems so grandiloquent to boast that one is above the petty details which worry other men that one may err in this very effort after perfection.

Moreover, the thoughtful student is deeply impressed with the fact of personal influence. "None of us liveth to himself." His contact with so many young lives, fired with his own zeal for knowledge, and imbibing it in such diversities of manner, makes constantly more real to him the truth of this doctrine. He acknowledges also the force of environment—"I am a part of all that I have met"—and the union of these convictions brings to him some considerable appreciation of the effect which such a concourse of minds as is found in the University should have on his particular life. For what appeals to him most strongly in the doctrine of influence is not so much the virtue which may go out from him to others as the reckoning of the forces which are playing upon all sides of his own life. He mixes freely with his fellow-stu-

dents, seeks their views on different questions, endeavors to come in touch with men of strong personality and firm convictions, constantly widens the circle of his acquaintance—feeling all the time a satisfaction in the knowledge that in so doing he is enriching himself. Unconsciously perhaps, or even deliberately, he seeks to develop his character through his associations, to build up and add to the structure of his own life and thought by acquisitions from the lives of his fellow-men. That "none of us liveth to himself" he accepts with fervor. But the fervor is inspired by the joy of receiving rather than by that of giving.

But the side of his College life whose characterization affords him most keen satisfaction is the social side—as opposed to the intellectual. As a rebound from the stern discipline of Public Schools and Collegiate Institutes the bald curriculum and the freedom in methods and hours of study are intoxicating. The student at first glories in following his own sweet will and runs the pace with kindred spirits until the advent of spring rushes him with all the other foolish ones into a veritable slough of despond called "cramming" from which he emerges sorrier and wiser. Next year his tactics change and he goes to the other extreme of diligence, arriving at the end of his course at the final conviction that society and study have equally pressing claims upon his attention.

Henceforth he preaches the doctrine of "rounded" life. Study is all very well in its place—one should not neglect it—nevertheless the claims of the social life of the University are not to be lightly regarded.

One owes it to oneself, and distinctly to one's fellows, to take a leading part in societies, debates and "functions." There must be leisure for recreation, not only for health's sake, but also for the cultivation of those finer qualities of culture without which no student is truly educated. It requires a nice balance to accurately determine the share of time and concentration to be allotted to each—but the student who has reached the Senior year can weigh the rival claims with precision and give to each its just proportion of attention. In study hours he works assiduously, but pays no less heed to the hours which summon him to social duties and the tenets of his creed lay equal stress on the values of application and relaxation.

So he passes through his college course, impressed with the vast opportunities afforded and the great responsibilities incurred, and comes to the parting of the ways. He has learned many lessons and grasped many truths, he has done some good and perchance some harm. He has "lived his life," his college life, out to its little end, and passed into the great world. Soon the keenest remembrances are dulled, the most vivid impressions become softened, and University life shapes itself in dimmer outline. The judgments which the student passed in undergraduate days upon his college course, its benefits and its significance are gradually readjusted. Not only are his conclusions modified, but in some cases they are almost reversed. The lessons he prided himself upon mastering seem of strangely little worth. The grand distinctions he set up in the pride of enlarged experience have broken down. The influences which

seemed to him so potent in the moulding of a man's character are replaced by others, subtler far, forces which his single life cannot control but which touch him in some inexplicable mysterious way. Hesitatingly he turns again to the "little things" of life, scorned in his philosophical researches. He learns in the larger school of practice that only through painstaking care of the details can life as a whole be beautiful. He sees that the serenity which is untroubled by passing clouds is at one with an earnest appreciation of the veriest trifles. And he realizes that while his college course has given him a glimpse beyond the temporal into the eternal, its benefit has been most truly in that rigorous discipline of study which demanded accuracy, research, and exactitude of scholarship.

And his retrospection shows the student also that the hours in which he "scorned delights and lived laborious days" were the best hours of his course. Recreation for health was necessary, time spent in social life was beneficial, and yet essentially the self-denial of his study-hours was worth more than all. And this not only for the discipline that of inclination which was generally involved, but also for the actual education acquired. Though the rounded life may be beautiful, the graduate cannot but feel that the aim of a student is primarily to *study*, and it needs but the lapse of a brief space of time to show him the value of the hours filched from his books and too generously given over to dissipating pastimes. He recognizes, too, the worthlessness of half-hearted study. Hints and fragments of knowledge are valuable as compared with ignorance; but the

distressing gaps in the sequence of what should be detailed information, and the vagueness of his general intelligence are high prices to pay for momentary idleness. He is at least convinced of this one thing, that the student who fails to learn his lessons accurately and who brings to his academic tasks anything less than whole-hearted devotion has in so far lost the benefit of his college course.

But the most radical change which his former judgments undergo is the reversal of his doctrine of influence. Fired with enthusiasm, as a student, for his own power of receptivity, he now comes to grasp the subjective significance of self-communication and with a new light thrown on his previously unquestioned valuations he judges his associates by this new standard—"Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows." A thoughtful survey of those of his fellow students whose virility and beauty of character shine as lights before men, results in but one conclusion—that the riches of their life came from the impoverishing of its treasure-houses, that they gave freely of themselves to those they met, the secrets of their springs of action, the lessons which experience had taught them, the heavenly heights they coveted whose reach exceeded the grasp of even their best and highest moments—all this they shared with others, and in so doing good unsought had poured in upon them. What were his puny efforts after character-building, his studied attempts to work out his own salvation, in comparison with this inevitable inflowing into the hearts of the men from which he had thought to draw? What valuable result, after all, had his associates brought to him apart from the lesson of their unsel-

fishness? And what was this but the childhood's lesson in its larger form—" 'Give' sang the little stream,"—"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth that withholdeth more than is meet and yet tendeth to poverty."

Awed by the deathless power of this old truth, moved by its insistence in the very glare of the work-a-day world, and humbled by the consciousness of lost opportunities in the freedom of its service, the cry of the student's heart goes out for the true student-spirit to come and abide with him forever. He prays for that sweet reasonableness which will make him apt to learn and no longer a trifle with life's little pleasures, for that "large discourse" which will give him the size, the sum, the value in proportion of all things; but, more than this, for that spirit of self-sacrifice which can come to those alone who are made lowly wise in the service of others. "Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense of service which thou renderest"—this is to be, henceforth, the new motto of his life.

LILLIAN VAUX MACKINNON.

DEATH OF A QUEEN'S GRADUATE.

The death occurred on Friday, April 7th, in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, of Dr. Cranston de St. Remy, '02, after several weeks illness. Dr. de St. Remy had been a house surgeon for the past year in the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital but was stricken down with a former ailment, heart trouble. Deceased was one of Queen's brightest graduates, having won the position of house surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital at his final examinations in 1902. To his sorrowing relatives the Journal extends most sincere sympathy.

THE MEDICAL CONVOCATION.

Grant hall, with its seating capacity of 1,700, could not begin to hold the crowd that sought admittance Friday, April 7th, to witness the convocation proceedings. The event was, perhaps, the most important in the history of the university. It was the first time that Grant hall had been used for convocation purposes, and present upon this notable occasion were the representative of the king in Canada, and the representative of Canada in the motherland. In attendance also was a member of the great university of Cambridge.

As early as one o'clock, people began to arrive at the university grounds, seeking admission, and long before the proceedings began every bit of space in the hall, not reserved, was filled. Hundreds stood, throughout the ceremonies, and hundreds couldn't get near the doors. His excellency, accompanied by Sir Sandford Fleming, proceeded from the principal's residence, at three o'clock, to the hall, walking around the quadrangle. With Principal Gordon was Lord Strathcona. The St. Andrew's Highland Cadets, with the 14th brass band, had taken up position on University avenue, as guard of honor, and were inspected by his excellency who expressed his pleasure at their fine appearance.

The distinguished four then entered the arts' building, and headed the procession to the platform of Grant hall. The students occupied the chief portions of the galleries, and throughout the proceedings maintained excellent order. At appointed times they sang patriotic songs. The entry of the governor-general was the signal for a hearty outbreak of applause, concluding with the lusty sounding of the Gaelic yell. Exactly 175 occupied seats upon the platform. Earl Grey sat on the right of the chancellor, and Principal Gordon and Lord Strathcona on the left. Besides trustees, professors, lecturers, graduates, there were many invited guests upon the platform, including Sir James Grant, United States Consul Twitchell, Hon. William Harty, Edw. J. B. Pense, M.P.P., Bishop Mills, Col. Buchan, D.O.C., Maj. Carruthers, Col. Reade, Col. Drury, Lieut.-Col. Hemming, Lieut.-Col. Strange, Lieut.-Col. Ogilvie (the military officers being in uniform), Prof. Martin and other members of the Royal Military College staff.

After devotional exercises by the

chaplain, Rev. Dr. Mackie, the chancellor delivered an address, which appears below in full. After that came the presentation of medical prizes, the announcements being made by Er. W. T. Connell, secretary of the faculty, and presentation by the chancellor. Principal Gordon made announcement of the winning of the Rhodes' scholarship by James Macdonnell, of this city, who was presented to Earl Grey, latter being one of the trustees of these scholarships. Another pleasing feature was the announcement by Dean Connell of the winner of the Grant prize, awarded to the member of the medical graduating class, who, by vote of his comrades, was chosen as the one possessing the highest morale. The one chosen was J. Y. Ferguson, B.A., who has just completed a well-rounded course of study for a medical missionary. Mr. Ferguson received a book at the chancellor's hands, and was greeted with applause. Dean Connell administered the declaration to the graduates, who were then laureated.

Address By Chancellor Fleming.

At Queen's convocation, Friday afternoon, Sir Sandford Fleming, chancellor of the university, delivered this interesting and reminiscent address:

Opening the first convocation for conferring degrees in this building, I feel called upon to submit to those present a few explanatory words.

This building is a gift to Queen's University from the students and alumni. It was spontaneously initiated by the youthful admirers of the late principal, Rev. George Munro Grant; it was erected at their cost, and was transferred to the university a few months ago at a large gathering assembled within the walls.

The students and alumni of Queen's were attached to the late principal with an unfeigned affection. They were familiar with his wealth of mind, his generous spirit, his unselfish nature and his remarkable mental energy. They recognized that his strenuous life was devoted to the loftiest purposes. He was essentially patriotic; and while he never forgot his native land and warmly cherished the advancement of Canada, he always remembered the higher and broader and grander patriotism—the alliance of the motherland with her daughter across the seas.

The wonderful powers which he pos-

sessed of elucidating his views enabled the late principal to exercise over Canadian youth an extraordinary influence. No class of persons know better than the students and graduates of this university how untiring he was in promoting the common welfare. For a quarter of a century he devoted his keen intellect and his great energies to building up this seat of learning on the best and broadest foundation, and when he passed away the students resolved to erect this building to his memory and that it should bear his honoured name. In carrying out this determination these young men did not hesitate to make sacrifices, the extent of which is known only to their own circle, in order to raise a monument which would carry on to remote posterity the name of him they revered.

I have mentioned that a few months back this memorial convocation hall was formally presented by the donors to the university. I need scarcely add that it was gratefully received. On the same occasion it was solemnly dedicated to the high purposes for which it was designed.

Entering on the business of the first convocation in this building which bears the name of one who was for nearly forty years my very intimate friend, many memories crowd upon me. The occasion and the circumstances suggest that for a moment I may recall one or two early recollections.

Five years before my deceased friend entered on his duties as the head of this university, we happened to be fellow travellers on a transcontinental expedition. It was an expedition which, when the story of it was told, revealed to the Canadian people the wonderful wealth of the vast fertile west, and the immense possibilities of the great inheritance we were then entering upon. We reached the Red River country at a time when the city of Winnipeg did not exist. At that date the dominion itself was little more than a name; it was practically an infant state about one year old. Its few inhabitants west of Lake Huron were mostly Indians exterminating the Buffalo. At Red River the travellers had the good fortune to meet the chief officer of that grand old company whose charter at that date had been in force for two centuries; that company which has figured so largely and so creditably in the colonial and commercial annals of England; that association of traders,

known as the Hudson's Bay company, who above and beyond all other agencies have earned the gratitude of Canada for preserving to British rule, the vast region of woodland, prairie and mountain from Lake Superior to the Pacific.

At Red River we received such aid for our further journey as only the Hudson's Bay company could render, and on leaving for the mountains, after enjoying his bounteous hospitality at Silver Heights, the last man to give us a cordial God-speed was he, who since then has long filled the distinguished position of governor of the company, a nobleman whose name is now held in such high esteem throughout the whole empire. Since the parting incident at Silver Heights a third of a century has passed; it may therefore be imagined that I have very great happiness in seeing Lord Strathcona with us to-day at the opening of the first convocation in the Grant Memorial Hall.

We are specially favored on this occasion by the presence of the representative of his majesty the king.

His excellency the governor-general bears an honored name; which awakens in my mind memories much older than those I have touched upon. I allude to a particular incident many years older than the earliest days of the Dominion, or even than the birth of this university.

In the year 1832, Earl Grey as the prime minister of England, crowned a long, honourable and consistent career by securing the passage of a measure entitling him to the affectionate gratitude of posterity. The grandfather of his excellency, our governor-general, seems to have been raised to carry out a much-needed reform and the distinction for which he deserved to be remembered for all time is that he had foreseen at the age of thirty the necessity for the measure which, as prime minister, he carried out at seventy.

This great parliamentary victory, won against tremendous odds, may be regarded as the first step in reform of parliament. It substituted for a corrupt and evil system a new system based on the broad foundation of popular support. The victory cleared away obstacles to more complete electoral representation and led the way to the principle of government now enjoyed by us in Canada, in the Commonwealth of Australia, and in all self-governing British communities, perhaps the only principle to make

possible the new British empire which is in process of development in the 20th century.

Thus it is that there is no name more enviable on the pages of English history than that of the statesman at the head of the administration when the reform bill was carried, and we in Canada, in the full enjoyment of free institutions, can never forget the great reformer.

The passing of the reform bill in August, 1832, was followed by public rejoicings throughout the country. The glens and parks of my native land had enthusiastic gatherings in which all classes and all ages participated. My oldest recollection is one of these gatherings with feasting and much rejoicing, bands playing and flags flying. Thousands of children were present, some of them, like myself very young. A small flag was placed in my hands as we marched in procession, again and again our shrill voices raised three cheers for Earl Grey. These joyous acclamations of more than three score and ten years ago made an impression so strong that they seem even now to re-echo through my memory.

Thus it is that the presence among us in Canada of a distinguished nobleman has awakened recollections which have long lain dormant. Thus it is that I am reminded of the first public function, in which it was my happiness to take a very humble part, in doing honor to a great statesman, Earl Grey, the reformer, prime minister of England.

After the lapse of not far short of three-quarters of a century it is with peculiar feelings of grateful satisfaction that I am granted the high privilege of welcoming to the convocation another illustrious Earl Grey a nobleman, who occupies the most exalted position in the Canadian dominion.

We all delight in looking forward, and the friends of this university continue to do so with hope and confidence. I have, on this occasion, however, indulged in reminiscences for the reason that there are times and occasions when it is well to look back and I think this is one of them. We are assembled for convocation in a new and magnificent hall, the noble gift of our youngest and best blood. This is in every sense a memorable occasion. We are not in our customary place of meeting. We seem to have turned our backs on the old Convocation hall, with its accumulat-

ed associations of many years dear to every graduate. We do not see among us to-day portraits of founders and principals and professors of cherished memory. We do not behold on the walls those tablets recording the good deeds of thousands of benefactors. While this is all true, we look forward to the future. We must bear in mind that time does not stand and gratefully accept the changes which the years bring. We are opening a new chapter in the history of Queen's University. We have reached a fresh starting point and those who appear before me to complete their academic career will rightly claim the distinction of being the first group of students laureated in the Grant Memorial Hall. Others will in due time follow. The annals of the university and the pages of new columns of Doomsday Book will bear record of progress and changes. As time rolls on this new hall will cease to be new, its walls will echo to the sound of other voices, it will year by year witness the laureation of many new students and continue for many generations to be alike a testimony and stimulus to the spirit and the loyalty of the graduates of Queen's University.

Principal Gordon's Remarks.

The Principal presented his excellency, the governor-general, for the degree of LL.D., in the following terms:

Mr. Chancellor,—In the name of the senate of the university, I have the honor to present to you, as one worthy of the degree of doctor of laws, His Excellency, Earl Grey, governor-general of Canada.

When the university grants this degree it does so in recognition of eminence in some department,—in learning or in literature, in science, or art or public service. Or, perhaps, I might rather say, the university confers the degree in recognition of eminent service, for the scholars and artists and men of science by their attainments and by their work render special service to their fellows, and with them we recognize those also who broaden the bounds of freedom, who initiate and promote reforms, and who in any wise contribute to the progress of mankind.

The distinguished guest whose name I have presented has numerous claims to such recognition. Before he came to us we knew of him as the grandson of one pre-eminent in that great reform by which the throne of Britain has become more broadly based

upon the people's will. We knew of him as the son, of one who had stood for many years in the intimate counsels of our late beloved queen. We knew of him as one closely and zealously connected with efforts to uplift the home life of England by the suppression of intemperance; actively concerned in the extension of British influence in South Africa, and already linked with our own and many other universities as a trustee of the Rhodes' scholarship fund.

But in addition to such claims of connection and of achievement, he comes to us Canadians as the representative of his majesty the king. As such we give him our most cordial welcome, and I think we can venture to assure his excellency that, while all Canadian hearts are loyal to their sovereign, he will nowhere find intenser loyalty than among the sons of Queen's.

Earl Grey's Speech.

A great ovation was accorded the governor-general when the chancellor had conferred upon him the honorary degree. The students paid their compliments in no uncertain manner and his excellency seemed to enjoy it all. Addressing the convocation Earl Grey said:

I don't think I have ever seen proportions so noble or so grand as in this magnificent hall, which you have erected to the memory of your late principal, and I am certain I have never been in any hall with so brilliant and enthusiastic a company as is here gathered to-day. And that but adds to the pleasure I have in receiving the degree to-day.

The governor-general then said he regarded the honor done him as a message of loyalty, and he would have the greatest pleasure in forwarding their expression to the king. The pleasure was heightened by receiving the degree at the hands of Sir Sandford Fleming, whom he looked upon as one of the most public-spirited Britons the British empire ever produced.

His excellency then expressed the pleasure it gave him to receive the honor of a degree.

"Queen's University," he said, "enjoyed so honorable a reputation that it was a high distinction to be associated with it in any way. Although Queen's University owed her existence to the public spirit and to the piety of Scotch Presbyterians, she did not offer draughts from the foun-

tain of her learning, 'in any sectarian vessel,' through religious tests. But while she opened wide her motherly arms to Canadians of every race and creed, she endeavored to illumine all her buildings and all their surroundings with the health-giving sunshine of a manly Christianity."

The unique fact that the City of Kingston, which was the seat of a Roman Catholic archbishop and of an Anglican bishop had voted a substantial grant from municipal funds to enable the university to erect a new arts building, testified to the high opinion formed of the value of the university, by those best able to judge; and the further fact that of the 900 students, of whom about half were Presbyterians, 227 were Methodists, 110 Anglicans, 66 Roman Catholics, 16 Congregationalists, and 13 Baptists, showed how powerful was unifying spirit which if unsectarian was wholly Christian. He understood it was the constant endeavor of Queen's University to impress upon all who came within the reach of her influence, that the business of education was to fit man to do his highest duty to himself and to his country, and to convince him that it was impossible for a man to do his duty, even to himself, unless he adopted the motto of "God and the People." for the watchword of his life.

It was because he was satisfied that the object of Queen's University was to preach duty and inspire enthusiasm and produce the highest type of citizen, and send her graduates out into the world armed with that power and efficiency which came from the conviction that true happiness was only to be found in the service of others, that he considered it a great honor to receive the degree which they had so kindly presented to him.

That Queen's University might long keep undimmed the torch at which every undergraduate could light his highest hopes, was his fervent prayer. They already enjoyed the advantages which came from the stimulating incentive of great traditions, and he was confident, from what he had read and heard and seen, that it was the firm resolve of principal, of teachers, graduates and undergraduates, to hand on these traditions to their successors, with their brightness still further brightened by their own example.

The imperial spirit of Principal Grant still blessed with its inspiring and animating influence the atmos-

phere of the university. The Prince of Wales considered it a privilege to convey to him on his dying bed the approval of his sovereign, and Principal Grant, like Nelson, died with the knowledge that he had done his duty, and that his life-work was approved.

Principal Gordon, he was sure, was carrying on the work of Principal Grant in a worthy spirit. His hope was that Queen's University might continue to be an institution which stood for service to Canada and the empire.

He was aware that they were not as a university, opulent, but he was reminded that Professor Robertson had declared that it was good for all concerned that they were poor. Their requirements and their poverty would constitute a constant incentive to strenuous and self-denying effort.

Their teachers had given a splendid example of self-sacrifice in their desire to be worthy of a university whose noble ambition it was to stand for service. With a public spirit that did them credit they preferred Canada and God by accepting at Queen's a low salary, to accepting higher paid employment elsewhere.

He was also aware that many of the graduates and undergraduates had only been able to pay for the cost of a Queen's University education, out of hard earned savings, and that the acquisition of the knowledge they had obtained was the result of continuous self-sacrifice. He hoped that this example of devoted service by the teachers, and of strenuous efforts by the students, would appeal to many, and that the further funds required to enable the university to increase the scope and degree of its usefulness to the advantage of Canada, and to the glory of God, would be rapidly forthcoming. (Loud Applause).

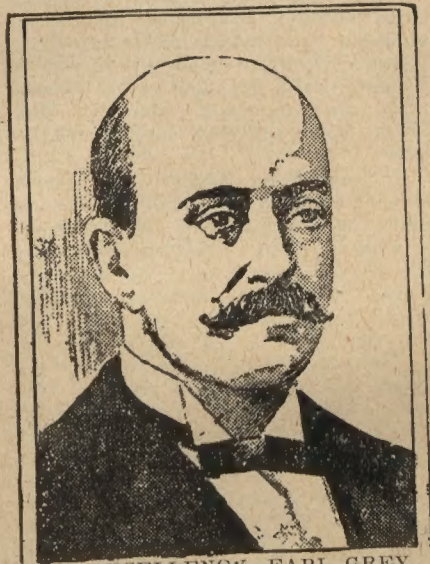
Lord Strathcona Presented.

Prof. Watson made the following address in presenting Lord Strathcona:

Mr. Chancellor—I have the honour to present to you, as worthy to receive the degree of Doctor of Laws, one whose name is familiar to all British citizens and dear to all Canadians, the name of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. "No other civilian now alive," if I may venture to appropriate the words of a former governor-general, "has been able to do so much practical good to the empire before filling an official position." This service he could not have rendered but for his life-long connection with

that great Hudson's Bay company, which, like its counterpart, the East India company, has been instrumental not only in promoting the material prosperity of the country, but in acting as a pioneer of the empire.

After he had been thirty years in the employment of the company, and had been appointed to the post of chief executive officer in North America, a crisis arose which gave Lord Strathcona an opportunity of doing a signal service to his country. When the Dominion government resolved to transfer Rupert's Land to Canada, it was evident to him that the interest of the Hudson's Bay company itself demanded the change, and, therefore,



HIS EXCELLENCY, EARL GRFY.

he gladly undertook, in the capacity of commissioner, to act as mediator between the Dominion government and the inhabitants of the Red River settlement. It was largely due to his courage, self-restraint and prudence that the unfortunate rebellion, headed by Riel, was kept in check and the dissentients among the settlers reconciled to the new condition of things. Nor is this the only patriotic service which Lord Strathcona has rendered. It is only necessary to mention his connection with the Canada Pacific railway, that great national highway, which has drawn closer the bonds, not only of the various provinces and territories of the dominion, but the different parts of the empire.

By his election as governor of the Hudson's Bay company in 1889, and his appointment in 1896 to represent the dominion in London as high commissioner, he has had ample opportunities of furthering in many ways the prosperity and well being of Canada; and by raising a regiment of his own, the famous "Strathcona Horse," he has displayed his zeal for the British empire at large. For these among other reasons, Mr. Chancellor, I have to ask you, in the name of the senate of Queen's University, to confer upon Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal the degree of LL.D.

Lord Strathcona's Address.

Lord Strathcona was received with great acclaim, and shown that he occupies a warm place in the hearts of Queen's students and the people of Kingston. His lordship looked pleased over the reception accorded him. When the applause had ceased he said:

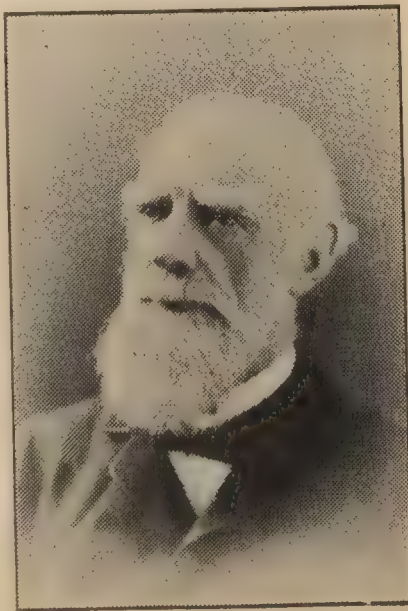
Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I did not come here to-day to make a speech. I had no intention, and no thought of having occasion to say to you even a few words, but I learned from your excellent principal that I was expected to speak. Let me say that it is a true satisfaction to be here with him at this time. I am proud indeed to be here to join with you in doing honor to the gentleman who has become one of the honorary members of this, Queen's University. I am here to do honor to him with you as a statesman and a philanthropist in the best sense of the word.

I have heard what he has done in a social point of view in England, a work which is not so well understood as it ought to be, but which in its results should be of the greatest importance to Great Britain and her colonies, and I trust also to the dominion and the empire, particularly for the mitigating of the evils of intemperance. It is very good that each and all should be temperate, especially for those who thought it right and best to practice total abstinence, but many hold different opinions on the question. For myself I am persuaded that moderation should be taught and practised, but am opposed to any attempts to bring it on by force.

I am also glad to be here because I was in Canada before there was a Queen's University. I remember that well, and I remember with what enthusiasm at that time the Scotch

Presbyterians entered into the idea of having a university which should be a pattern of the old good Scotch university.

I would like to say to the students whose privilege it has been to be here under the training and tutelage of able professors in this university, that it is not all the aim in life to pass successfully. By their determination and by their hard work they have obtained their university degree, and is it not to their honor? It is well for them that they have had that experience. It has taught them self-dependence and self-independence. What can true citizens do better than to look to themselves and to the great interests of the country.



LORD STRATHCONA.

Queen's was initiated a quarter of a century and one year before confederation, and members of the Hudson's Bay company showed their interest and gave according to their means to the benefit of the university and the men who had not much salary gave their mite for the same purpose. I am pleased and glad also to be here at the graduation of those gentlemen, who are going forward from this university to do one of the most magnificent of works. I have always heard that the medical profession was one of the noblest. Although Queen's was

not very rich, it had the spirit of that Scot who said he was "contented wi' little but happier wi' mair."

Most important was it to remember the good work done in the early days by those now gone before, and especially that of Principal Grant, who was loved by those that knew him. "In my personal capacity, I congratulate you on behalf of the sister, McGill University, on the magnificent buildings you possess, and the high position to which you have attained. And as chancellor of Aberdeen University, I hold out the right hand and say, now, and forever, go, progress and succeed more and more."

Lord Strathcona then said, it was acknowledged by all that the Hudson's Bay company had done great things for Canada and the empire in the two and a quarter centuries of its existence, and it would be so with Queen's University, whose graduates were going out into the world determined to do their utmost of good. It was well, he said, to make the most of this life, but the making of money was not the greatest thing to be done.

Lord Strathcona in addressing the graduates said that while all might be determined to do their utmost to advance their own interests, they must not lose sight of that duty resting upon all of them, to give the best to the great empire to which they belong. In conclusion Lord Strathcona said: "I am proud of having been made an honorary graduate of this university. It is hard to express what I feel, but I thank you, for the great honor you have conferred upon me." (Loud applause).

Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick Presented.

Rev. Professor Jordan presented Rev. Professor Kirkpatrick, of Cambridge University, England, for the honorary degree of LL.D., and said that the senate of Queen's University welcomed Dr. Kirkpatrick just for his own sake, on account of his long and honorable service in the cause of Biblical learning. As a preacher, professor and author, he had done good work and rendered important service to his country. They welcomed him also as the representative of a great university in the motherland. At any time a representative from Oxford or Cambridge will receive a cordial welcome at Queen's, but especially now when active steps were being taken to draw into closer fellowship the seats of learning in Britain and her colon-

ies; and they also welcomed him on account of his present mission. Professor Kirkpatrick comes on the invitation of those who were interested in the study of our sacred Scriptures, and we hope that his visit will be the means of stimulating an even keener interest in that great literature to which we already owe so much. In this country there are many new things, new forms of thought and life to be reckoned with and we shall meet these all the better if we have knowledge of and sympathy with the highest forms of life that have come down to us from the past.

Rev. A Kirkpatrick's Address, To The Graduates.

Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, spoke as follows in acknowledging his degree and in addressing the medical graduates:

"Mr. Chancellor, I esteem it a very great honour to receive this degree from this university. I regard it not merely or mainly as a personal compliment, but I take it as an expression of your desire to link closely the bonds between the universities in the old country and the universities in this new country. I have just seen in that sister university, which has just been alluded to, how the training of the English university combines with the worth of this new country for the promotion of education and research. The equipment that I have seen there is truly splendid.

"While we occupy ourselves with research we shall not forget the practical use of knowledge for the welfare of the citizens of the empire, and while we think of the advantages of material progress we shall not forget, as we have already been reminded this afternoon, that the true purpose of education is the formation of character, the formation of worthy citizens of our great empire.

"I want to say a few words specially to you who have just obtained your medical degree. You are about to be sent forth to your life's work in the world. The profession to which you have been called is truly a grand and noble profession. It will rest with you to maintain the high traditions of it, for self-denying labour, for christian charity, for continuous and patient devotion to all positions in which you may be placed. The traditions of your profession are so high I am convinced they will be a daily

strength to you in your calling, and I think it is a special honour and a special pleasure for one who has been occupied with the study of theology to have this entrusted to him. I think that theology and scientific research are two sisters which ought to move hand in hand, and that the work of the minister and the doctor should always be coupled together in perfect harmony. It seems to me that the minister and the doctor are closely linked together. We have to recognize the power of mind over body and body over mind. It is possible I think. In times past we have not sufficiently recognized what the power of mind over body is. There are some diseases to which no doctor can minister. It is high moral and spiritual counsel in many cases that is needed. On the



REV. A. F. KIRKPATRICK, D. D.

other hand I think that we, in our religious debate, have not always recognized how many a child comes into the world unfitted for the walks of life by inheritance of feeble constitutions and feeble will. We have not always recognized this as we ought to.

"You, gentlemen, when you go forth to your work will carry forward, I am convinced, the work of your profession. You will carry forward your work in harmony to those who min-

ister to the soul. You have not, I believe, in this new country, many of the difficulties which face us in the old country, in dwellings and in unsanitary conditions, and that terrible curse of drink of which also we see so much in the old country. See to it that as the years go on that these troubles do not invade you. See to it all of you, and work heartily and harmoniously for the physical, moral and spiritual welfare of the people which in the coming century you see populating the vast areas of Canada."

The proceedings concluded at a quarter past five o'clock, the chaplain pronouncing the benediction and "God Save the King" being sung. The audience remained in their places while the three distinguished new honor graduates inscribed their names in the Domesday Book, and until the procession from the platform passed out of the hall. Afterwards, Earl Grey and Lord Strathcona each planted a tree on the grounds in front of the old arts building.

"Mary Had a Little Lamb."

(As it might have been written by Longfellow.)

Lo ! I sing of little Mary,
Little Mary with the Lambkin,
With the Lambkin white and woolly.
Fleece as white as snow and whiter;
Everywhere he followed Mary,
Followed humbly after Mary.
Everywhere that Mary wandered,
Didn't matter where she wandered—
Miles and miles he followed Mary,
'Till they both were sick and tired;
For the Lamb belonged to Mary,
Little Mary with the Lambkin;
That was why the Lambkin followed.
This is all I have to tell of
Mary and her little petlet.

(As it might have been written by E. A. Poe.)

It was deep in the month of November,

The time of the day it was noon—
I think I remarked was November;
But maybe I wrongly remember—
It might have been August or June
(I really believe it was June).

And Mary ! Ah me ! It was Mary,
Whose pet was a Lamb, long ago.
(He's mutton now, long, long ago,
And eaten with relish by Mary !).
His fleece was far whiter than snow,
The wind-driven, dazzling snow !
And everywhere Mary went, there he
(The Lamb) would assuredly go—
I feel that is where he would go—
I'll bet that is where he would go.



J. M. MACDONNELL,
(Winner of Rhodes Scholarship.)

Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

THE MEDICAL CONVOCATION.

DURING the present century we have witnessed many important functions in connection with the University. There have been Royal and Vice-Royal visits; extensive ceremonies in connection with the laying of corner stones and the opening of new buildings; but all of these have been quite eclipsed by the Medical Convocation this year.

This was the best Convocation we have ever attended at Queen's. We have listened to famous men from parts far and near but, the "Meds." this year outclassed all the great gatherings of the past number of years by bringing here to receive degrees, three such distinguished men, as Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada; Lord Strathcona, Chancellor of Aberdeen University, Scotland; and Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick, D.D., Master of

Selwyn College, Cambridge, England. Each of these distinguished men received the degree of LL.D.

We must congratulate the Medical Faculty and all connected with the arrangements for the Convocation on the splendid success of their closing function. The addresses delivered were highly appreciated by all of that huge concourse of people. The Governor General and Lord Strathcona were particularly happy in their remarks and won the students at the very outset. All, without exception, were quite captivated by the fire and enthusiasm and genuine colonial spirit manifested by Earl Grey and not less were they drawn to the noble and venerable patriot and philanthropist, Lord Strathcona. The loud cheers which greeted them when they rose to address the audience, the rapt attention accorded to their speeches and the hearty applause which followed so many of their forcible utterances, manifest in the most unmistakable manner how completely they had won their way to the students' hearts. Another visit from any of these gentlemen will be most gladly welcomed around Queen's.

We wish also to congratulate the students on their excellent behavior on this occasion. They had their amusement as usual, but it was so well reined in and interpolated in such timely places that it tended to relieve and please both speakers and audience rather than to distress and disgust them. There is nothing more wholesome than college wit from the gallery on Convocation day provided it is real, spontaneous and not mere silliness. Genuine wit is always in order except when the Chaplain has the floor. Many fine compliments

have been heard, on every hand regarding the splendid conduct of the students. But one very noticeable thing was the fact, that though, out of respect for our guests, some restraint was exercised, there was no lack of genuine enthusiasm. This was a feature so marked that Earl Grey turned the edge of the jeering howl which greeted his attempted compliment to the beauty and intelligence of the audience into a joyous laugh by complimenting their enthusiasm. Queensmen are enthusiastic and they like men who see it and appreciate it. Beyond that they don't want much said about it.

We feel then that we are quite within the bounds of the truth, when we say that the Medical Convocation this year was easily the best in several respects that has been held this century at "Good Old Queen's." May many such gatherings make her famous in the future and gather into the circle of her Alumni great numbers of the distinguished men throughout the whole British Empire.

Ladies.

HOW to do justice to the devotees of the Goddess Levana? I sat me down with pencil and a blank sheet of paper and waited patiently for inspiration to come. But like the wail of the Lady of Shalott came the mournful answer to my consciousness, she cometh not, she cometh not! Since inspiration would not come I must even do as the poor French student with her essays, proceed without the inspiration, then as Mephistopheles so wisely counsels the young scholar to trust all to words. I started to write words—but how to write a

history? I thought of Carlyle and De-Tocqueville, both of whom we have been assured by different professors first taught the world what history really is—I even stared hard at Carlyle's portrait, but he looked as doleful as tho' he too had to write a Levana history, so I turned away in despair. I thought of the conventional opening—"In the second year of the reign of King Daniel under the guardianship of good Queen Mary," but then like a thunder-clap came the entreaty of a poor post-mortem, "Oh please don't say that, it has been said so many times, be original!" but as the only way to be original, they say, is to be born so, and therefore this advice had come a good many years too late, I had to find some other method. As I could not write in the style of scriptural history I bethought me that perhaps I should get help from profane history; therefore in spite of my desire to avoid all profanity, whether historical or otherwise, in the depths of desperation I betook me to my Green, and there on the title page I read what I so long ago had written when I thought that Green's Short History of the English People was really a large book—before I had ever thought of volumes so weighty as the *Revue des deux Mondes*, or Ferguson's History of the Middle Ages—in the innocence of my heart I had thought to write satire when I penned with a then legible hand, "Brevity is the soul of wit." Good! Methought here is a word in season, so lest my history should prove like the poor pollywog, all head and no tail, I set me down to work once more.

As the humble worshippers at the shrine of Levana assembled within

the sacred temple on the afternoon of Wednesday, October the twelfth, how different were the thoughts in the many business brains—ye who this year study Psychology in German give answer, for ye alone can tell. Here were the timid freshettes brimming over with their new impressions, proud to have at last found a road to the new Arts building without going two blocks out of their way; here also were the happy sophomores to whom a year at Queen's had given that blissful confidence that comes of acquaintance. Here too were the Juniors just coming to years of wisdom, full of good resolves that work should not this year be postponed till the Ides of March—and here were the grave and reverend Seniors trying hard not to look conscious in their newly acquired dignity—a happy, cheerful throng, for were not examinations far in the dim future. Our good Queen that day gave a right royal greeting to her subjects and we left with a firm resolve to be loyal and true.

Those benighted Philistines who think that girls cannot sustain a logical argument should have been present to hear the several clever, intellectual, debates that have taken place during the year. Nor shall we forget our impromptu debaters, with their reasons, many and profound, why we should, nay must add love to our curriculum. Indeed for one anxious moment it seemed that the goddess Levana trembled on her throne fearful lest the boy Cupid should usurp her place. Now that a silver cup is to be competed for between the various years will enthusiasm rise to a still higher pitch.

As I looked back over the year one

evening with its lights and flowers and music stands out pre-eminent—the ever-to-be remembered night of the Levana Tea, which shall go down to history as one of the happiest as well as one of the most successful events not only of the college year but of all the reign of Levana.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." The interesting philosophical address on beauty given by our popular French professor was much enjoyed by all the girls, and yet down in the depths of some poor lone French student's heart rankled a sense of the eternal inconsistency of things; "And still she gazed, and still her wonder grew," that one who so thoroughly understood and enjoyed beauty could make such gruesome and altogether horrible hieroglyphics in blue lead-pencil on poor, little, innocent French essays. Perhaps, however it is we who are benighted, and there may indeed be a beauty in those grotesque markings which certainly does not appear on the surface.

It was indeed a dream of fair women which appeared before us as we listened to the reading of Tennyson's beautiful poem. To most of us this poem will have a far greater significance than ever before, and when in after days we sit in the warm summer sunshine, without a thought of spring examinations to confine and cramp us, we shall read again and see once more the galaxy of beauty in their regal robes of splendour.

And now the year is all but over. Many are the scenes which have been smiled upon by the goddess.

Seek not to pry too deeply into hidden mysteries. Underneath that cozy seat upon which you so unconsciously

sit, is not a dynamite bomb indeed, merely a coal-oil stove, six pans, two dippers and a few other kindred utensils. Despise not the day of small things. From these homely articles and dispensed in our dainty china with as dainty fingers to serve have we oft received the cup that cheers but not inebriates.

And so it is over, and to-morrow are —exams. The page is turned, never to come back. Many cheerful, mirthful days have we spent, they are gone into the great past, with the anxieties and worries, the little misunderstandings and the pleasant merry-makings. All gone? No—"There shall never be one lost good," and so may all this but form a part of the many impressions which help to make up the total of the college girl's life, help her to be not merely a student but a rounded, developed character; so may we shout as is the custom of the world, "La reine est morte! Vive la reine."

Drip, drip, drip, drip, the water fell with a soft musical plash from the eaves at the gentle coaxing of the warm spring sunshine. The birds gathered in delighted groups, pouring out floods of harmonious chirpings. All was bright and glad without, and the girl with her mathematics book, struggling over sines and cosines and equations that *would* come wrong, sighed and set to work again with grim determination in her eye.

In the next room her friend sat puzzling over English. If Sir Thomas was an imbecile then Oliver was right; unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was not wrong." She read then paused, and read again, "here is this dilemma"

I should think there was a dilemma, she said. "If Oliver was not wrong, then he was right; that is, unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile Oliver was right;" But if Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was right; so we have the two statements; if Sir Thomas was an imbecile Oliver was right, and unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was right. Unless Sir Thomas was an imbecile means in every other case except the case in which Sir Thomas would be an imbecile. Now we have if Sir Thomas was an imbecile, Oliver was an imbecile, I mean, unless Oliver was an imbecile, Sir Thomas was not right; no, that's not it, I mean, —that is—why what is he driving at anyway, my head is in a muddle." "I fancy," called her mathematical friend, who had long since withdrawn her attention from tangents and equations, "that if you talk much longer in that bewildering fashion, the problem will resolve itself into the attempt to prove not the imbecility of Sir Thomas, nor yet of Oliver, but of some one much nearer home. Come and let us take a walk and forget that Sir Thomas and Oliver ever lived to cause such confusion to later generations.

Later on as the two friends were sauntering home, from their pleasant stroll together, they passed two little children in the street. One was saying to the other "Yes, I got that at Christmas, we had such a nice time at Christmas, didn't you?" "That seems like a breath from another world, doesn't it?" said the student of English, "Yes," said the mathematical girl; "it is rather curious just now to find anyone dating events from Christmas.

Arts.

QUITE a commotion has been stirred up among the Congregationalists of the United States over the gift of \$100,000 to the Mission Board from Mr. Rockefeller. Its acceptance has been vigorously denounced by several leading divines; but the majority were in favor of receiving the money.

Mr. Rockefeller and others of his ilk are a source of perennial interest to purists in the United States. Whenever other topics of discussion fail, there yet remain Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Trust, which are perfectly safe objects to vituperate, if the applause of the multitude merely, who view things superficially, is what is sought. We would take this opportunity to put a bug in the ear of those persons—and such may not be absent from Queen's University who lugubriously shake the head when gifts of money from such men as John D. Rockefeller, Carnegie, or other kings of finance, are mentioned as having been made to educational or religious institutions. Jno. D. Rockefeller has moved under a fierce light, and because his business has assumed such enormous proportions the man in the street easily sees apparent flaws in his methods. But should the same individual turn a microscope of even moderate magnifying power on his own ordinary every-day business, he might surprise even himself to observe to what an extent these same flaws characterize the conduct of his own business, in proportion to its importance.

The Arts Editor would ask indulgence in venturing to advise the members of the graduating class in Divin-

ity not to contemplate shutting the door on a golden opportunity, should some Canadian Rockefeller at some future date make a contribution of \$100,000 to the Church Mission Fund. If Rockefeller's wealth is of the devil, why insist that it all shall remain so, when a sum by no means insignificant, can be brought over to diviner uses?

But is it taking a true attitude to persuade ourselves that we see the atmosphere of the nether world around the wealth of America's great financial magnates? Why around their's any more than around that of the average church supporter who puts a \$5 contribution on the plate the day the special collection for Missions is taken up? As already intimated it is quite safe to make the statement that the business of which Jno. D. Rockefeller is the head, is conducted on as high principle as the average business with a \$10,000 capital—if not higher.

The hostile attitude so often displayed towards men of great wealth has, vaguely or consciously, behind it the belief that man has no right to more than a reasonable amount of money. But let us ask ourselves what is he to do with it? How can he help himself? What does he get out of it? To answer the last of these questions first and simply, he gets his living. He can use only so much food and wear only so much clothes, and take advantage of the opportunities for spiritual development afforded by books, music and works of art—so easily obtainable in the modern world. He may keep up a number of residences in different parts; but the servants he maintains in these get, perhaps, more comfort out of them

than he does. Additions to his wealth he is continually compelled to re-invest in the development of the country. This is all he can do with it, and answers the first question. It thus goes to afford employment to labour. What then does the great capitalist get out of it all? His own self realization; the opportunity to give expression to the great natural capacity divinely given to organize and direct great enterprises, which are much more effective than many small concerns and which are necessary to best meet the needs of the modern economic world. Amidst all this activity the true self-realization of the great capitalistic organizer—or of any man—depends on the clearness with which he grasps the truth that no man lives unto himself.

A. G. Penman was our delegate to the Annual Arts Dance of McGill University. He reports that he had a splendid time both at the dance and away from it. The dance was held in the Royal Victoria College, which is very suitably adapted for functions of this kind. The event was perhaps the best of the three social functions of McGill this year and was private rather than semi-public. The company was composed chiefly of the younger set of Montreal society. The chairman of the reception committee was an old friend of A. G's and together they did the town.

Word was received last week that Dr. A. H. Singleton, recently a house surgeon in the Kingston General Hospital had secured the degree of L.R.C.P. and S. from Edinburgh University whither he went in February last. His many friends round Queen's will be glad to hear of his success.

Divinity.

THE mandate of the Managing Editor allows no room for excuse or shirking or we might be tempted to dash down our quill in despair and disgust at this season of the year. That annual strain and stress of things is upon us and it seems useless to attempt to write anything that the busy Divinities can find time to read. By the time this Journal is in their hands the final act of the drama will be on the boards, and in a few more days the whole play will be over, the audience gone and the place deserted.

The various "fields" of the members of the Hall have caused a great deal of discussion and interest and soon we will be scattered all over our broad country, busy with a new kind of activity and perhaps with more seriousness than accompanies much of our college work. Some of us will not be back another session and it will soon be time to say "Farewell" —But we must not become sentimental or someone may imagine that he is reading the Ladies' column.

A couple of weeks ago the Hall was the scene of an interesting little incident when we expressed by a small token our appreciation of the term's work with Dr. Macrae. The Pope's oratorical effusion probably left nothing to be said in reference to the matter, but we would like to emphasize one point which was mentioned, but not too prominently. Dr. Macrae came to us a stranger among strangers and unaccustomed to our ways and habits, and yet in a few months he has by his very kindly spirit and warm interest endeared himself personally

to probably every member of the Hall. His kind criticisms on the delivery of our class sermons and sympathy with us in any question or problem which we might raise have been by no means the least appreciated part of his work. A few of the members of the class preaching in some of the city churches found Dr. Macrae a deeply interested and sympathetic member of their congregation and his criticisms and encouragement were so much appreciated that it suggests the idea of having some of our college sermons delivered and criticized in that way. We feel sure that many of the men would greatly prefer to preach before one of the city congregations than to be expected to do himself justice in the required sermons before the class. There are difficulties in the way of course, but the idea might be feasible for the final year at least. This is but one of many ways in which Dr. MacRae has shown his deep interest in us all, and we think we are expressing the opinion of the Hall when we say that this is very particularly one aspect of the session's work of which we desired to express our very hearty appreciation to Dr. Macrae.

In view of certain other pressing engagements we are permitted to make our column brief this number and will simply add the Journal's best wishes to all the Pope's flock in the *exams.* which are now upon us.

With the next issue of the Journal the present staff will bid adieu to journalism. To our successors we can do no more than wish them success and the same pleasant relations with Professors and students as we have enjoyed.

Medicine.

THE list of graduates and prize-men was posted last Tuesday evening. Of the candidates for the degrees of M.D. and C.M. thirty-nine were successful—ten “falling by the wayside.”

DEGREE OF M.D. AND C.M.

H. J. Bennett, Gananoque.
 Joseph Chant, Chantry.
 J. H. Code, Kingston.
 E. C. Consitt, Perth.
 J. A. Corrigan, Kingston.
 W. H. Dudley, Pembroke.
 J. G. Dwyer, M.A., Kingston.
 J. Y. Ferguson, B.A., Renfrew.
 E. A. Gaudet, B.A., Moncton, N.B.
 A. W. Girvin, Stella.
 M. E. Grimshaw, Wolfe Island.
 R. M. Halladay, B.A., Elgin.
 J. T. Hogan, Perth.
 J. M. Hourigan, Smith's Falls.
 A. H. Hunt, Bridgetown, Barbadoes.
 M. Lessees, Kingston.
 M. Locke, Brinston's Corners.
 T. D. McGillivray, B.A., Kingston.
 D. L. MacKinnon, Lake Ainslie, N. S.
 A. D. MacMillan, Finch, Ont.
 A. E. Mahood, B.A., Kingston.
 P. A. McIntosh, B.A., Dundela.
 C. R. Moxley, Kingston.
 G. R. Randall, Seeley's Bay.
 M. E. Reynolds, B.A., Athens.
 R. G. Reid, Kingston.
 J. J. Robb, B.A., Battersea.
 W. M. Robb, Lunenburg.
 B. A. Simth, Hartington.
 W. A. Smith, Kingston.
 J. F. Sparks, B.A., Kingston.
 A. C. Spooner, B.A., Latimer.
 E. W. Sproule, Harrowsmith.
 R. W. Tennent, Belleville.
 John Turnbull, Loweville.

C. M. Wagar, Enterprise.
 F. R. W. Warren, B.A., Balderson.
 J. W. Warren, Harper.
 H. J. Williamson, B.A., Kingston.

MEDALLISTS AND HOUSE SURGEONS.

University Medal in Medicine—
 Fourth year, A. C. Spooner, B.A.,
 Latimer.

University Medal in Surgery—M.
 Lessees, Kingston.

House Surgeoncies in General Hos-
 pital—A. C. Spooner, B.A., M. Les-
 sees, H. J. Williamson, B.A. Next
 in order—J. F. Sparks, B.A., J. T.
 Hogan.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Chancellor's scholarship, value
 \$70, for general proficiency through-
 out medical course, holder must not
 be a house surgeon. In order of
 merit—H. J. Williamson, B.A., J.
 F. Sparks, B.A., A. C. Spooner,
 B.A., M. Lessees, J. T. Hogan.

First Year Prize in Practical Ana-
 tomy—C. T. C. Nurse, Georgetown,
 British Guiana.

Hayunga Prizes in Anatomy—A. T.
 Spankie, Wolfe Island, and M. J. O.
 Walker, Kingston.

New York Alumnae Association
 Prize in Physiology, value \$50—J.
 P. Quigley, M.A., Kingston.

Second Year Faculty Prize, value
 \$25—F. H. Truesdale, Hartington.

Dean Fowler Scholarship—Third
 year, value \$50—E. Bolton.

McCabe Prize in Pathology—A. E.
 Baker.

Dr. Clark's Prize in Mental Dis-
 eases—T. D. Macgillivray, B.A.,
 and E. W. Sproule, equal.

Dr. Mundell's Prize in Surgical
 Anatomy—J. G. Dwyer, M.A., King-
 ston.

Science.

THE examinations in Science have
 begun and as usual the market
 was opened with Descriptive Geom-
 etry in the lead. Bidding for places
 on the exchange was brisk and prices
 were high. Many new faces were
 seen and also many of the old brokers
 were present or had substitutes to
 look after their interests. This state-
 ment is not intended as a hint to ex-
 aminers to start an investigation for
 it is generally conceded in Science
 Hall that the end justifies the means
 in case of passing Descriptive Geom-
 etry. Occasionally a 'rare avis' is
 discovered who possesses an imagin-
 ation more vivid than Rider Haggard
 and a genius for seeing planes inter-
 secting in space, who is able to attain
 even the coveted first division. We
 are sure however that a proper medi-
 cal examination would reveal the
 fact that such a one is abnormal in
 more than one respect, and his end
 will be an untimely one.

The novelty of writing Exams. in
 Grant Hall has already worn off and
 the boys are now able to concentrate
 their attention to the question paper
 instead of wandering in imagination
 to more congenial scenes. We are of
 the opinion that Science examinations
 should all be held in the respective
 rooms where the lectures were deliv-
 ered so that memories would be
 sharpened and the ability to think
 increased by the inspiration afforded
 by the familiar surroundings.

The members of the Final year in
 Science are working in conjunction
 with the Arts men to make Students
 day the success it deserves. The val-

edictorians who have prepared their addresses at the expense of much time and trouble should be given a good hearing and their suggestions representing the opinions of the class as a whole should have some weight with the Faculty.

Athletics.

THE Annual Report of the Athletic Committee was presented to the A. M. S. on March 11th, and proved very good reading, showing in careful detail the condition of athletics in Queen's. Assisted by the extra game in Ottawa the receipts of the Rugby Club showed a large increase over former years with a substantial balance to the good! the other clubs however presented deficits. The expenses for improvements were large this year—\$403.47 on campus account, \$182.70 for cinder tennis courts and \$590.45 for athletic grounds. Also the sum of \$411.66 was applied to the athletic grounds' mortgage and interest reducing that liability to \$2,300.00. The full report shows total receipts of \$4607.54 as against \$4593.9 on the credit side, leaving a balance of \$16.15 cash on hand.

At the annual election of the Athletic Committee for 1905-1906, W. H. McInnis, B.A., was again elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer which he has filled with such credit for four years in which he has shown marked ability for the position. The members of the Committee are:—H. D. Spence; B. Asseltine; W. C. McGinnis; D. R. Cameron; G. A. Platt; D. C. Ramsay; J. A. Richardson; D. Jordan; J. A. Donnell, M.A.; Miss Weaver; Miss Gordon; Prof. Brock;

Prof. Shortt; W. F. Nickle, B.A.; Dr. K. C. Clarke; W. H. McInnes, Sec.-Treas.

By the decision of the A. M. S. to leave in abeyance for the present the project of a gymnasium our athletes will have to struggle as in the past against the disadvantage of having no opportunity for regular training. But we've landed championships before now under the same conditions and feel prepared to demonstrate our ability in that line still with or without the gym.

Our Alumni.

A FEW days ago the Journal received an interesting letter from Rev. Dr. MacDonald, M.A., '63, of Strathcona, Alta., N. W. T., from which we make a few extracts. He says: "At this great distance from Kingston, I assure you that I welcome the Journal as an old friend from dear old Queen's. The *Grant Hall* number is worth double the price of the Journal for the whole session. I can say the same of the *Endowment* number. Queen's has changed since I said "farewell" to her in the spring of 1863. I suppose I would not know my Alma Mater now. Many who were with us then in the days of long ago are now in the narrow house." Here he breaks off suddenly to criticise a newspaper report of certain doings in Queen's which had pained him, but which was, we are glad to say, like most newspaper reports, very much exaggerated and for a different cause in reality.

At the Manhattan, Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital in New York we

learn that four out of the six house staff-physicians are Queen's graduates of '03. They are Dr. G. H. Ward, Dr. J. E. McCambridge, Dr. J. L. McDowall and Dr. C. D. St. Remy. This institution has the largest outdoor eye and ear clinic in New York. We are pleased to notice that Queen's graduates have for some years past secured quite a number of good positions in first class hospitals in the United States, especially where these positions are filled by competition.

It has recently been announced that the award of the 1851 Science Research Scholarship has been made to Mr. F. H. MacDougall, M.A., of Maxville, Glengarry County. Mr. MacDougall has long been looked upon as one of our brightest students. He won the McLennan scholarship when he entered the University. In 1902 he secured the degree of Bachelor of Arts, winning the University Medal in Chemistry; and in 1903 he secured the degree of Master of Arts. During the Session '03-'04 Mr. MacDougall was Editor-in-Chief of the Journal, in which office he proved that he possessed literary, as well as scientific ability. During the past two years he has been demonstrator in Chemistry and assistant to Dr. Goodwin. The Scholarship entitles the holder to two years' research work in some foreign University and, we have it on good authority, that Mr. MacDougall intends spending this time in Germany, in the study of chemistry. The Journal extends to him its hearty congratulations and best wishes for success.

Another Queen's graduate has won laurels for himself by securing the

Rhodes Scholarship in the examination recently held. J. M. McDonnell, son of G. M. McDonnell, K.C., Kingston, was the successful candidate for Queen's. He stood *higher* than any of his competitors and has the distinguished honor of being our first Rhodes Scholar. Mr. McDonnell was well able to fill all the severe requirements in this competition, both intellectual and physical. He was the gold medallist in Greek last year and has always taken a high stand in all his classes in the University; besides this, he has been a leader in football and hockey during his whole course. To win this Scholarship is considered a very high honor, the glory of which is reflected on the University, to which the successful candidate belongs, as well. Our pride in Mr. McDonnell is not lessened in any degree by learning that not one student in New York could qualify for a similar scholarship on the same examination. "J. M." has acquitted himself nobly on this side of the water and we feel confident that he will do high honor to "good old Queen's" in and about historic Oxford. The good that follows him cannot exceed our well wishing.

Mr. J. B. Dandeno, A.M., Ph.D., who graduated from Queen's in 1895 and is now Assistant Professor in Botany at Harvard in a letter to Prof. Fowler writes in an appreciative way of the advantage of Queen's as the poor man's University. He speaks of his work in preparing for his Ph.D.—from Harvard—work done largely extra-murally as was the case with his work at Queen's and he goes on to say "Dear old Queen's, if it had not been for extra-ordinary advan-

tages offered by virtue of the extra-mural courses I should never have been able to secure a degree. It is Queen's which lends the helping hand to a struggling student. It is Queen's which deserves and has the undying gratitude of a host of men who have been enabled to pursue their studies with success and it is Queen's which deserves most of the Province of Ontario. She fills a place in the country which no other University ever did or ever can fill.

ALMA MATÉR SOCIETY.

THE NEW JOURNAL STAFF.

The regular meeting of the A. M. S. was held on Saturday evening, March 25th, the President in the chair.

The Journal staff was elected for next year:

Ed. in Chief—D. A. McGregor.
Associate Editor—R. J. McDonald.
Managing Editor—J. L. Nicol.

DEPARTMENTS.

Ladies— { Miss M. Gordon,
 { Miss D. Harkness.

Arts—A. G. Cameron.

Medicine—J. P. MacNamara.

Science—P. M. Shorey.

Divinity—J. M. McDonald, B.A.

Athletics—D. C. Ramsay.

Exchanges—H. P. May.

Business Manager—N. F. Black.

Assistant—W. F. Brownlee.

Bus. Com.— { Miss L. Odell,
 { K. S. Twitchell,
 { J. Collinson.

It was decided by the Society to allow the business manager of the Journal, to look after the financial part of the issuing of the hand book.

A committee was appointed to arrange for the seating of the students in the gallery at the Medical Convocation, and to look after other arrangements.

At the meeting on April 1st, this committee reported, W. F. Nickle and J. M. Farrell were present, and the latter outlined the steps that were being taken to receive the Governor-General and Lord Strathcona.

Exchanges.

AN exchange tells us that one half of one per cent. of the population of the United States is composed of college men. From this number come 45 per cent. of the senators, 39 per cent. of the congressmen, 56 per cent. of the vice-presidents, 65 per cent. of the speakers of the house of representatives, 83 per cent. of supreme court justices, and 70 per cent. of the presidents.

Magistrate—"You must be subjected to a great many temptations, you are up here so often."

Meek Man—"Dat's de fac', boss. Dis here am a world of temptations an' trials. But de trials hit me de hardest, boss!"—Ex.

MODEST STUDENT.

The courier calls on the king,
And boasts of a second invitation
The student never gets vain
On receiving a second "zamination."

The singer returns with a smile
When the listeners clamor for more,
But the student not by a mile
Boasts of a professor's encore.

—Athenaeum.

It is said that the University of Minnesota has a basketball team composed wholly of members of the faculty which can defeat any of the undergraduate teams in the University.

THE M. A. DEGREE.

(After Wordsworth.)

It was a phantom of delight
When first it gleamed upon my sight,
A scholarly distinction, sent
To be a student's ornament.
The hood was rich beyond compare,
The gown was a unique affair.
By this, by that, my mind was drawn
Then in my academic dawn;
A dancing shape an image gave,
Before me then was my M.A.

I saw it upon nearer view,
A glory, yet a bother too!
For I perceived that I should be
Involved in much Philosophy
(A branch in which I could but meet
Works that were neither light nor
sweet):

In Mathematics, not too good
For human nature's daily food;
And Classics, rendered in the styles
Of Kelly, Bohn, and Dr. Giles.

And now I own, with some small
spleen

A most confounded ass I've been;
The glory seems an empty breath,
And I am nearly bored to death
With Reason, Consciousness, and
Will,

And other things beyond my skill,
Discussed in books all darkly planned
And more in number than the sand.
Yet that M.A. still haunts my sight
With something of its former light.

Nearly a hundred Columbia students recently offered their services to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York whose traffic was being paralyzed by a strike. The students who were mostly members of the college athletic teams worked as guards, ticket-choppers and ticket sellers.

THE BEE.

A honey bee slept in a tulip bell,
That swung in the breezes bold;
Soft, crimson-lipp'd petals sheltered
her there
From the night wind and the cold.

She woke with the May dawn flush
ing bright;

When the petals soft unfurl'd,
She drank of the dew on the morning
leaves

And sped through her blossom
world. E. B.

—Notre Dame Scholastic.

A country minister was troubled with an ill-tempered wife, and on a certain Sunday afternoon they had been talking to each other pretty freely. While going over the evening prayer in church, he said: "And now, O Lord, we pray for minister's wives. Some men think they are angels; but, O Lord, Thou knowest, Thou knowest."—Vox Wesleyana.

An anxious student at Dalhousie was advised to search the scriptures in order to find the probable result of the spring examination. The Gazette gives an account of his find:—

"Thou shalt not Pass" (Num. xx. 18).

"They suffered not a man to Pass" (Judges iii. 28).

"The wicked shall no more Pass" (Nahum i. 15).

"None shall Pass through it for ever" (Isa. xxxiv. 10).

"This generation shall not Pass" (Mark xiii. 30).

"Neither doth any son of man Pass" (Jer. li. 43).

"Though they roar they cannot Pass" (Jer. v. 22).

Mr. Crepaud—"Ah! so zis ees your leetle son? He seems to be similaire to you."

Poyley—"Yes, he's very much like me."

Mr. Crepaud—"Ah! How do you call eet? A cheep of ze old block-head, ees eet not?—Ëx."

The students of Columbia University issue one daily, two weeklies, one semi-monthly, one paper published every three weeks, one semi-annual, and two annuals.

De Nobis.

OUR bard gives notice of motion:—

Whereas the A. M. S. exists to mind Queen's P's and Q's

Let not the naughty new year-caps our sacred Q abuse

And let our Q-rious from the alphabet be dropped,

It's use by vulgar newspapers forthwith be strictly stopped.

Let us command the pool-room men to christen fresh their sticks

Let none henceforth on the Q. T. his Sunday bitters mix;

And let Hong Lee cut off his queue from his celestial head

And no unlicensed wearer of a Q be X. Q. Z.

And let me friend M-c Inn-s be the man to see this thro'

And report at our next meeting or explain why P. D. Q.

D. R. TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF.

Caller—Have you written that essay on religion yet?

D. R. C-m-r-n, from amid a mountain of Philosophy text books, "No, and religion's given me more concern

since that essay was assigned than all the rest of my life put together."

T. A. P-tr-e—I would move that this scholarship be awarded on the results of an examination on the first 300 pages of Van Oosterzee.

C. E. K-dd—On a question of information, does the previous speaker know what those 300 pages are about?

J. A. P-tr-e—Yes, they are about the driest I ever read.

There was a crowd, for there were three

Fl-r-nce, the parlor lamp and he
Now two is company and that no doubt

Is why the parlor lamp went out.

"He" 's name is not known.

Blame not this pair so young and fair
Nor seek to spoil their simple joy
Who passed a blissful hour there;
Her twitterings charm th' enamored boy.

With hands clasped in a sweaty grasp

They vowed to love beyond all ken
But sad their fate; each gives a gasp,
Love's dream is smashed, th' alarm strikes ten.

As this issue of the Journal goes to print word has been received from Toronto of the death of Dr. John Herald, M.A., Professor of Clinical Medicine. The late Dr. Herald was one of the ablest professors in the medical department where his kind and affable manner to everyone with whom he came in contact will never be forgotten. In the next issue we hope to give a fuller account of his life.

BOAR HUNTING IN TURKEY.

IT was a fairly warm Autumn afternoon on which we started. Of course I was done up in true native fashion except for my heavy American sweater and shooting jacket. My legs were encased in native leggings made of thick brown felt and impervious to water, and on my feet was a pair of "charoukhs" or native moccasins, consisting simply of a rectangular piece of soft, untanned leather, the edges of which are hitched up around the foot by a string passed through holes along the rim and brought up and wound around the ankle. Such footgear are very light and comfortable, and it is surprising how little they let water through. On my back was slung a double-barreled, smooth 12 bore, and around my waist was a goodly number of bullet cartridges with a few shot cartridges, on the chance of meeting birds. My guide, a sturdy looking fellow, had, in addition to his gun, a bag of provisions and a blanket strapped on his back.

We soon left the village in a southerly direction down into a valley and then up a very steep hill by an extremely zig-zag path covered with loose boulders and pebbles. Several times I would fain have stopped for breath but the smooth, rapid gait of the guide in front of me kept me on till we reached the top. For the next five hours our path was a repetition of what we had passed over. Sometimes the road would narrow down into a deep gulch, with high, sloping, sandy banks, on the tops of which were bushes whose branches almost met overhead. The streams we had to cross were simply brooks bubbling over rocky beds, and generally very

dark because of the heavy overshadowing forest growth. Arbutus and scrub-oak abounded. After several hours we reached the zone of higher trees, of birch and Spanish chestnut, and the aspect of the country began to grow wilder. We now carried our guns in our arms and Nigoghos, for that was the name of my guide, kept a sharp lookout ahead for any chance travellers we might meet. It is always safe to be on one's guard as there is no telling what sort of person one may meet in the lonelier parts of the country.

Dusk had well set in by the time we stopped for the night. Our camp was well chosen. It was a beautiful spot by the side of a clear rippling mountain stream surrounded on all sides by the tall birch trees which had already begun to shed their leaves. After making a fire and frying some bacon we ate ravenously of our stores. We then collected enough dry firewood to last the night and I lay down to sleep with my feet towards the fire. Nigoghos took the first watch and it seemed no time until he woke me after three hours and I was compelled to relinquish the blanket in his favour. I soon got over my drowsiness, however. The night was simply bewitching. Close at hand was the fire which needed frequent replenishing. Its light, fitfully changing, penetrated very little the gloomy darkness about us. The flames cast weird shadows around me and on the silent sleeping figure which seemed to have resolved itself into a part of the surroundings. The moon was nearly full and it shone directly on the trickling, gurgling stream at my side. And the night cries made me wild with a longing for I knew not what—these were the

mournful notes of the night-hawk and the occasional long drawn hoot of the owl intent on its marauding expeditions, while the sharp cry of an unknown animal and the occasional voices of birds singing in their sleep interspersed the incessant croaking of frogs and toads. I was glad, however, when my turn came for sleep, and not the loudest cry of a night prowler could have kept me from dropping instantly into a sound slumber. The sun had risen high when we ate our breakfast and started again. We reached our destination late that afternoon, a couple of coal-burners' huts. The coal burners themselves were there and provided us with a fresh supply of provisions. After resting for some time and gathering information as to the whereabouts of the boar, we set out for a gentle slope which we soon reached. And there was what we wanted! Under the Spanish chestnut trees that covered the slope were innumerable foot-prints of the boar showing that they had recently been there feeding on the chestnuts. We went down the slope to the valley below, and at one place where the stream flowed over flat ground and spread out fifteen or twenty yards wide, we saw that the banks of the bed of the stream were torn up, showing that here the animals came to wallow and to drink. The opposite slope of the valley was steeper. After noting the direction of the wind we went to the leeward of the watering place and about thirty yards away made a rough screen of boughs and leaves. Here we settled ourselves as best we could. It was cold, but we had borrowed a couple of sheep-skin robes from the charcoal burners. We ate a cold supper,

taking all precautions to be quiet. And then we waited. We were in very cramped positions. The steep ground was set with short, thick stumps and roots which projected all about us in the most uncomfortable fashion, not to say anything of the sharp stones that dug into our knees when we attempted to kneel or the roots that stuck in our backs when we tried to lean against an inviting ledge. Night had well set in when—what was it that instantly put us on the alert and made me entirely forget the numb "pins and needles" feeling in my legs? It was occasional snapping of a twig and—yes, the unmistakable grunting recognizable anywhere. We kept very quiet, our eyes and ears alert; the wind was still in our direction. Presently indistinct forms began to resolve themselves in the water thirty yards away. Our guns, already cocked, were pointed at them, and I waited impatiently for the signal to fire. We fired almost simultaneously and with both barrels. Instantly the herd of about twenty to thirty individuals scrambled out and were away. You can imagine my intense excitement as we rushed down to the spot. And we had succeeded beyond our dreams. Two fine fat-looking boars lay stone dead.

Early in the morning we got a horse from the charcoal burners and loading it with our game started home for Bardizag.

R. CHAMBERS.

John Miller (as Jack Sparks, winner of the Chancellor's scholarship, ascends the platform to be laureated) Good man! it takes the sparks to shine.